

The Historie of

Harry to Harry, shall not Horse to Horse
Meet, and ne're part, till one drop downe a coarſe :
Oh, that *Glendower* were come.

Ver. There is more newes,
I learned in *Worcester*, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteene dayes.

Dawg. Thats the worst tydings, that I heare of yet.

Wor. I by my fayth that beares a frosty ſound.

Hot. What may the Kings whole battell reach vnto ?

Ver. To thirtie thousand.

Hot. Fortie let it be.

My Father and *Glendower* being both away,
The powers of vs, may serue ſo great a day.
Come, let vs take a Muſter ſpeedily,
Doomes day is neere, die all, die merrily.

Dawg. Talke not of dying, I am out of feare
Of death or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeare.

Enter Falſtalffe and Bardol.

Exeunt.

Fal. *Bardol*, get thee before to *Conentry*, fill mee a bottle of
Sacke, our Souldiers shall march through ; Weeie to *Sutton-cop-*
hill to night.

Bar. Will you giue me money Captaine ?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bar. This bottle makes an Angell.

Fal. And it doe take it for thy labour, and if it make twentie,
take them all, Ile anſwere the coynage ; bid my Lieutenant *Peto*
meet me at Townes end.

Bar. I will Captaine : farewell.

Exit.

Fal. If I be aſhamed of my Souldiers, I am a ſowſt Gurnet ; I
haue miſuſed the Kings preſſe damnably. I haue got in exchange
of 150. Souldiers, 300, and odde pounds. I preſſe me none but
good Houſholders, Yeomens ſonnes, inquire me out contracted
Batchelers, ſuch as had ben aſkt twice on the Banes ; ſuch a com-
moditie of warme ſlaues, as had as leue heare the Dinell as a
Drumme, ſuch as feare the report of a Caliuer, worſe then a
ſtrook-foole, or a hurt Wild-ducke : I preſſe me none but ſuch
Toſts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger then Pins
heads, and they haue bought out their ſeruices : and now, my whole

Henry the Fourth.

whole charge conſiſtes of Ancients, Corporals, Gentlemen of Companies, Slaues as ragged as *L*
painted Cloath where the Gluttons Dogs licked his
ſuch as iudeed were neuer Souldiers, but diſcarded
uingmen, yonger Sonnes to yonger Bröthers, reuol-
and Oſtlers trade-falne, the Cankers of a calme wor-
peace, times more diſhonourable ragged, then an
cient : and ſuch haue I to fill vp the roomes of
bought out their ſeruices, that you would thinke, t
hundred and fiſtie tottered Prodigals, lately come
keeping, from eating draffe and huskes. A mad fel
on the way, and tould mee I had vnloaded all the g
preſt the dead bodies. No eye hath ſeene ſuch
Ile not march through *Conentry* with them, that's ſ
the villaines march wide betweene the legs, as if the
on, for indeed, I had the moſt of them out of Priſon
a Shirt and a halfe in all my company, and the halfe
Napkins tackt togeather, and throwne ouer the ſh
Heralds coate without ſleeues ; and the Shirt to f
ſtolne from mine Hoſt of *S. Albones*, or the red-n
of *Daintry* : but that's all one, they'le finde Linnen o
uery Hedge.

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Weſtmerland.

Prin. How now blowne Iacke ? how now Quaint ?

Fal. What *Hal* ? How now madd wag, what a diu
in *Warwick ſhire* ? My good *L. of Weſtmerland*, I cry
thought your honour had already bin at *Shrewesbur*

West. Fayth, *Sir Iohn*, t'is more then time, that
and you too ; but my powers are there already : t
tell you, lookes for vs all ; we muſt away all night.

Fal. Tut, neuer feare tell me, I am as vigilant as a
Creame.

Prin. I thinke to ſteale Creame indeed, for thy
ready made thee butter : but tell me, Iacke, who
theſe that come after ?

Fal. Mine *Hal*, mine.

Prin. I did neuer ſee ſuch pittifull rafeals.

Fal. Tut, tut, good enough to toiſe, food for